conviction of his critics. These judged Irving as the man masquerading, not as the Artist interpreting, for the simple reason that they were themselves overcome by the magic personality of a man above their comprehension.

" I am convinced that Irving, when playing the r61e of whatever character he undertook to represent, lived in that character, and not as the actor playing the part for the applause of those in front—Charles I. was a master-piece of conception as to the representation of a great gentle-man. His Cardinal Wolsey was the most perfect presenta-tion of greatness, of self-abnegation, and of power to suffer I can realize. . . . Jingle and Mathias were in Comedy and Tragedy combined, masterpieces of histrionic art, I could write volumes upon Irving as an actor, but to write of him as a *man,* and as a very great Artist, I should require more time than is still allotted to me of marfs brief span of life and far, far more power than that which was given to those who wrote of him in a hurry during his lifetime. . . . Do you wonder, then, that I should rather elect to regard Irving in the abstract, when called upon to suggest a fitting monu-ment, than to promise a faithful portrait ? . . . Let us be grateful, however, that a great artist is to be commemorated at all, side by side with the ef&gies of great Butchers of man-land, and ephemeral statesmen, the instigators of useless bloodshed. ..."

ALFRED GILBERT AND OTHERS

Alfred Gilbert was one of Henry's sincere admirers in the old Lyceum days, and now if you want to hear any one talk of those days brilliantly, delightfully, and whim-sically, if you want to live first nights and Beefsteak Room

suppers over again—if you want to have Henry Irving at the Garrick Club recreated before your eyes, it is only Alfred Gilbert who can do it for you !

He lives now in Bruges, that beautiful dead citv of